Molly Astore,

To which is added,

8.

The BREECHES.
SHAWN A GLANA,
The COUGHING OLD MAN.

LIMRIECK: Printed by W. GOGGIN

The COUGHING OLD MAN.

EACH female ſo pretty in country and city,
I pray you will pity a languiſhing maid,
That is daily vexed and nightly perplexed,
All by my old huſband I wiſh he was dead;
He's croſs grain'd and crooked and doating ſtupid, (ing calf,
And has no more ſenſe than a young ſuck-
Altho' he lies by me he ne'er can enjoy me,
For ſtill when he is noodling he is killed with the cough,
The very firſt night that he came to bed to me,
I longed for a trial at Venus's game,
But to my ſad vexation and conſternation,
His hautboy was feeble & weak in the main
For inſtead of pleaſing he only kept teazing
To him then I turned my back in a huff,
But ſtill he did cry, 'twill do by-and-by,
A chuſla ſe ſthore! I am killed with the cough.
This doating old creature a remnant of nature,
His ſhins are ſo ſharp as the edge of a knife,
His knees they are colder than ſnow on a mountain,

He ſtands more in need of a nurſe than a wife;
I by him ſit weepping whilſt he lies a ſleeping,
Like a hog in a ſty he does grunt and puff,
A wheezing and harking both ſneezing and farting,
And worſe than all that he's killed with the cough.

His breath it does ſtink like aſafœtadu,
His blobbring and ſlobbring I can't bear,
For each night when I lie beſide him,
He muſt have a ſpitting cup placed on his chair;
His noſe and his chin are joined together,
His tawny old ſkin is yellow and tough,
Both trembling and ſhaking like one in the ague,
Still ſmothering and ſpitting and killed with the cough.

For ſake of curſed money my father has undone me,
By making me wed this doating old man,
Altho' ſome might ſhame me what Maid can blame me,
To crown him with horns as ſoon as I can;
What ſignifies treaſure without any pleaſure,
I'm young and would have enjoyed enough
And not to be tiedto a gouty old fellow.
That's withered and worn and killed with the cough.

Since fortune to me has proved ſo cruel,
In brief my intention to you I'll relate.
If he does not alter and fare the better,
No longer on him I mean to wait,
I'll have a look out for ſome rouſing young fellow,
That's able to give me ſome reaſon to laugh
It ſuch I can find him, I'll ſwap my old cuckold,
And pitch to the vengeance himſelf and his cough.

MOLLY ASTORE.

AS down on Bana's Bank I ſtrayed one evening in May,
The ſittle Birds with blytheſt notes made vocal every ſpray,
They ſung their little tales of love, they ſung them o'er and o'er,
Ah gramachree ma colleenogue. my Molly aſtore.
The daizy pied and all the ſweets the dawn of nature yields,
The primroſe pale the violet blue lay ſcattered o'er the fields,
Such fragrance in the Boſom lies of her whom I adore.
A gramachree ma colleenogue, my Molly aſtore.
I laid me down upon a bank bewailing my ſad fate,

Bana — a river in Co. ~~Waterford~~ Wexford which
[illegible] thro' the ~~[illegible]~~ demesne of Geo.
[illegible] esq. author of this song.

That doomed me thus a ſlave to love, and cruel Molly's hate,
How can ſhe break this honeſt heart that wears her in it's core,
A gramachree ma colleenogue, my Molly aſtore.
You ſaid you lov'd me, Molly dear, ah! why did I believe,
Yet who could think ſuch tender words were meant for to deceive,
That love was all I aſked on earth, nay heaven could grant no more,
A gramachree ma Colleenogue my Molly aſtore.
Oh had I all the flocks that graze on yonder yellow hill,
Or low'd for me the numerous herds that yon green paſture fill,
With her I love I'd gladly ſhare my kine and fleecy ſtore,
A gramachree ma Colleenogne, my Molly aſtore.
Two turtle Doves above my head ſat cooing on a bough,
I envy'd them their happineſs to ſee them bill and coo,
Such fondneſs once for me was ſhewn, but now alas! tis o'er,
A gramachree ma Colleenogue, my Molly aſtore.
Then fare thee well my Molly dear thy loſs I e'er ſhall moan,
While life remains in Strephon's heart, 'twill beat for thee alone,
Tho' thou art falſe, may Heaven on thee it's choiceſt bleſſings pour,
A gramachree ma Colleenogue, my Molly aſtore.

SHAWN A GLANA.

ONE morning as I ſtarted I heard the trumpet rattle,
The ſun did ſhine moſt happy, the birds did ſweetly play,
With badgers and wood cocking, grouſing vey hearty,
And echo few a laughing, the fowler ſhooting fair,
Reynard's on the rock, the huntſman he cried hark,
The women going diſtracted for the loſs of their fowl there;
Now the woods are cutting, we will be home directly,
Johnny my dear your coming deluded of your gaine.
To my great misfortune that I have not been coffin'd,
Before I was afflicted about my own affairs
Each day I ſeem happy with trees producing apples,
The oak leaves turning dark, the dew on the graſs ſo rare,
I'd give a quart of milk to thoſe that would humour the kid,
Bread and tea for hags to nouriſh them ſo free,
If I don't eaſe directly from the beſt in the city,

I'll leave the nation qnickly when they
ſhan't ſee me.
Now ſince I have nothing but on a moun-
tain ſitting,
Johnny my jewel I beg you will harveſt
with me,
My curſe light on ſuch traitors as did firſt
deceive me;
Or left my child quite naked in ſad extre-
mity,
My goats that uſed really to give me milk
in pale-fulls,
Living on the leaves that fell from every
tree;
With courage up ſhe ſtarted out-ſtrip'd
the hounds and horſes,
In ſpight of all their cracking her cover ſhe
made ſnug.
Now gentlemen of honour don't you
think a ſin on't,
To leave me here quite bare and none to
cover me,
And it's now I'll ſpend my ſhilling with
the faireſt of women,
No better than I would tip it with my fin-
gers three,
A crown or a guinea I never made a bill of,
But let it run like the wind by my ſide,
Now ſince I've got tipſy, with the beſt of
liquor,
My goats giving milk I will leave them
unto thee.

The BREECHES, a new Song.

WITH innocence, my beſt of friends
Explained to me the other night;
How he in raptures, ſtole to bed
To his true love and fond delight,
But in the height of all their bliſs,
She ſaid kind ſir you muſt be gone,
And who could blame her to be mad?
When he had kept his ſmall cloaths on.
Young men all take my advice,
Never ſee a maid in diſtreſs,
Nor like the clown that does not know,
What raptures flowed from nakedneſs,
Now I commend this charming maid,
For what ſhe had both ſaid and done,
Since the naked truth I muſt confeſs,
This raſcal kept his ſmall cloaths on.
Her beauteous face and comely grace,
More fair than the white lilly,
Her golden hair in treſſes wave,
Dangling to her gentle knee,
Her ſlender waiſt and limbs complete,
Like Venus as ſhe moved along,
I wiſh I had her in my arms,
Without my coat or ſmall-cloaths on.
Had I my charmer quite undreſſed,
Like Adam ſtript in Paradiſe,
With naked buff and patch quite rough,
To be my bed-fellow to-night,
Come fill up a flowing bowl,
And toaſt a health to each fair one,
Likewiſe the maid that would not ſtay,
With the man that kept his ſmall cloaths on.
Had I my charmer quite undreſſed,
It's round her I would neatly twine,
And in her arms I would reſt,
Until ſoft Soldon's beams would ſhine,
Not like the clown that now repents,
For the looſing of his own fair one,
I'll never pretend to gain a friend,
While I have my coat and ſmall-cloaths on.

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